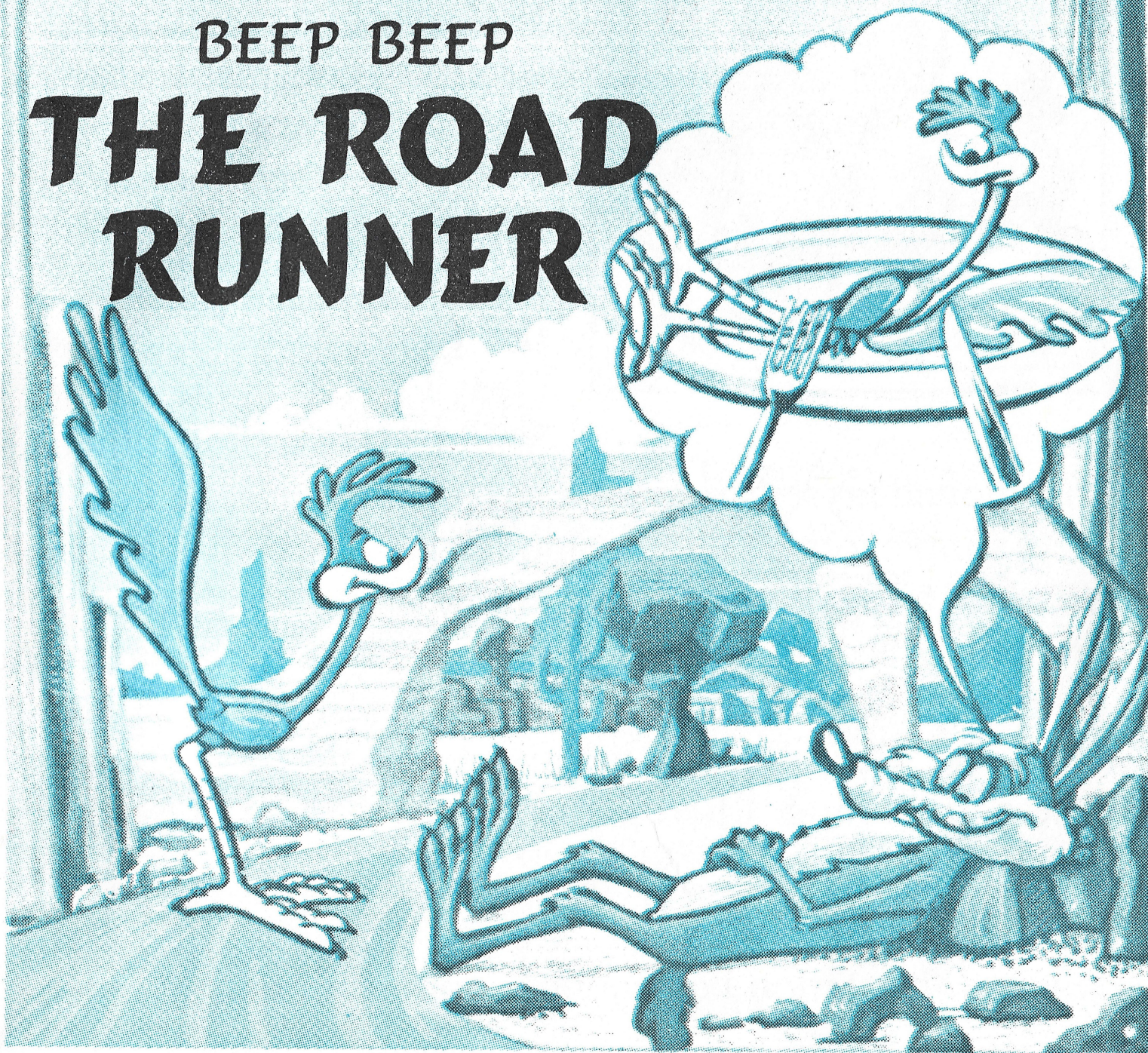
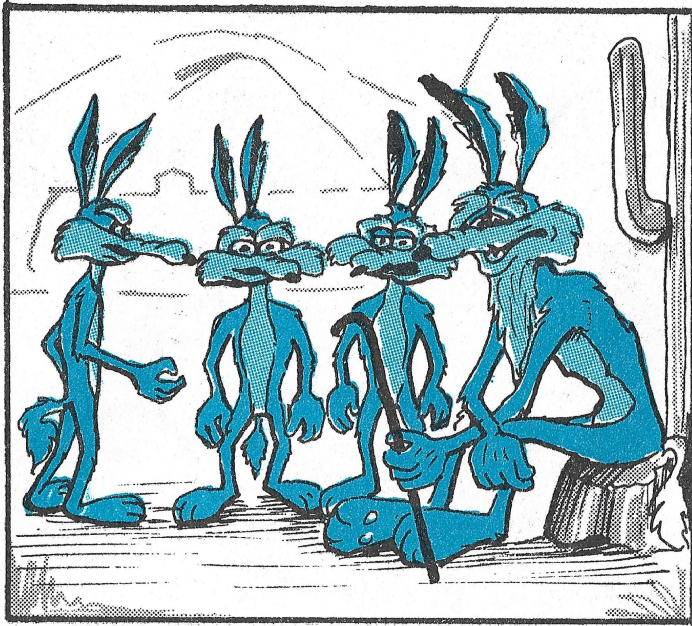


A VIEW-MASTER PICTURE PRESENTATION

BEEP BEEP
**THE ROAD
RUNNER**





Little coyotes, I, Wile E. Coyote, have knocked about a good many years, 103 to be exact. In that time I have become somewhat of a genius inventing ways to catch Beep Beep, the Road Runner. Some ideas I found in the Acme Mail-order Catalog; others

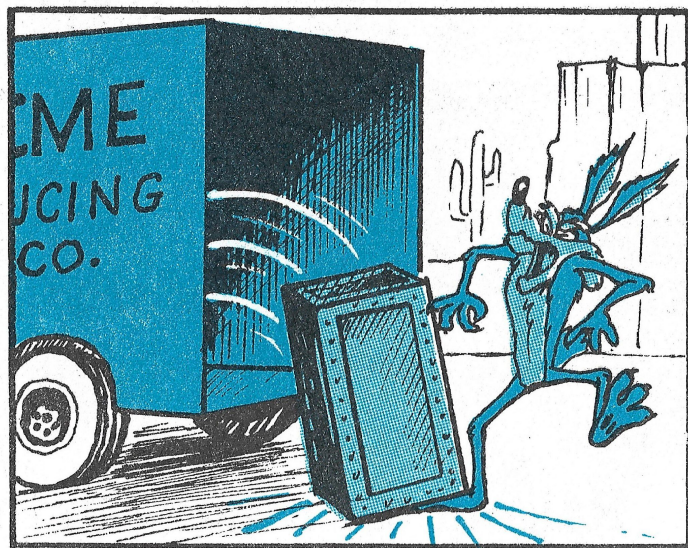
I fashioned myself from my own ingenuity. Some things were simple, others more complicated. Once I put a time bomb in a log flume. It didn't blow when Road Runner crossed over; yet when I investigated, it blew, taking every stitch of fur off me. Another time I put dynamite in an egg. Beep Beep's curiosity almost got him, but—it sent me so high I had to duck to let the moon pass.

Still, we coyotes are dedicated to catching Road Runners, even though they are as fast as the train that reached the station before the sound of its whistle.

Back in the 1960's I had some whopping ideas. Once I paced the floor waiting for a package from Acme.

VIEW-MASTER REEL ONE

ELECTRIC SKATE BOARD



PICTURE 1. THE ACME

driver dropped the package on my foot. Although it was flattened like a pancake, I dragged it as I opened the box. My tail swished back and forth in excitement, and first thing I knew, it was caught in the fan. It whirled me around a few times, chewing up my tail badly. That settled it! I'd chew up Road Runner. Smiling slyly, I saw myself sailing down the road to overtake him.

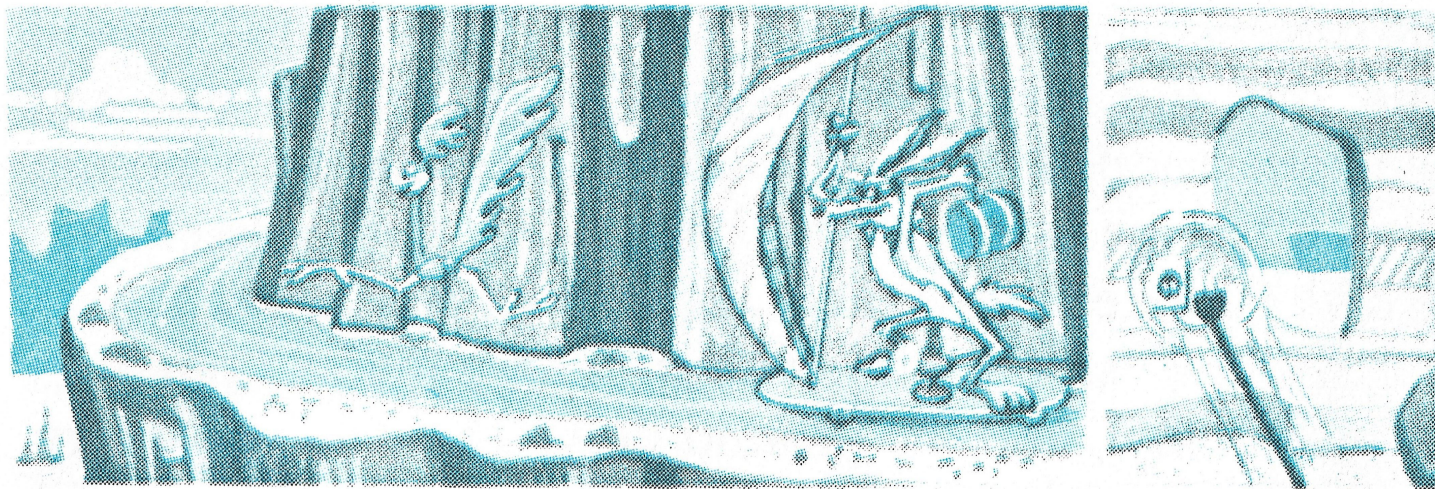
Then I heard the roar of a sports car and the familiar "Beep! Beep!" Road Runner went around that car like the east wind around a farmhouse, and the breeze he made doubled the cactus to the ground.

PICTURE 2. THE CACTUS FLIPPED back sending its sharp needles into my pelt. I jumped straight up, howling in pain. Road Runner was so far gone now there was nothing in sight but a cloud of dust. I fumed as I pulled out the needles, and made up my mind I would catch Road Runner if it was the last thing I did.

Raising my head with this thought, I pricked up my ears and wiggled the end of my nose. Carefully lifting the skate board and fan out of the trunk, I started to put my invention together.

PICTURE 3. BUSY AS A BUMBLEBEE in a barrel of tar, I grabbed the electric drill to bore a hole for the masthead. Put-tut-ut-ut! Pumph! Yeow! The drill had gone through to my foot.

Limping a little, I fastened the sail to the mast. Working fast, my hands were flying. The fan was bolted securely when I heard Road Runner's "Beep Beep." Baring my teeth in a fiendish grin, I picked up my mallet, plugged in the fan, and stepped aboard.



PICTURE 4. THE SAILS BILLOWED OUT and sparks flew off the wheels as I picked up speed. Road Runner looked and opened his beak in fright. Then he thrust his long neck forward and ran so fast his feet looked like tumbleweeds in a Texas tornado. Over the hills and around curves we raced. The dust rolled up behind us like ghosts cavorting on Halloween. Soon I was on his heels. I raised the mallet. I'd squash a long squawk out of him and forever stop those beeps.

He turned and grinned at me like a treed possum. I should have been suspicious, but I was so intent on aiming my swing, I didn't see . . .

PICTURE 5. . . . THE CURVE AHEAD, which I missed and shot out over the canyon. The cord ran out and the fan stopped. The sail folded as limp as a potato sack after the last potato's been fried. I was dropping. Wow! I looked down and became so terrified the hair on my jaws stood straight out. The canyon floor was far, far below, and the ground down there so very, very hard. I wished for a good Texas breeze old-timers said would hold a logging chain in midair, so taut a man could walk on it.

Which reminded me . . .

PICTURE 6. WASN'T THE WIND OF TEXAS in my lungs? I threw out my chest, took a long, deep breath, and blew. The sails puffed out again. The skate board lifted upward. If I could only hold out till my "ship" landed on the other side. My face turned a raspberry red, then deepened to plum purple as I squeezed the last whiff of breath out of me.

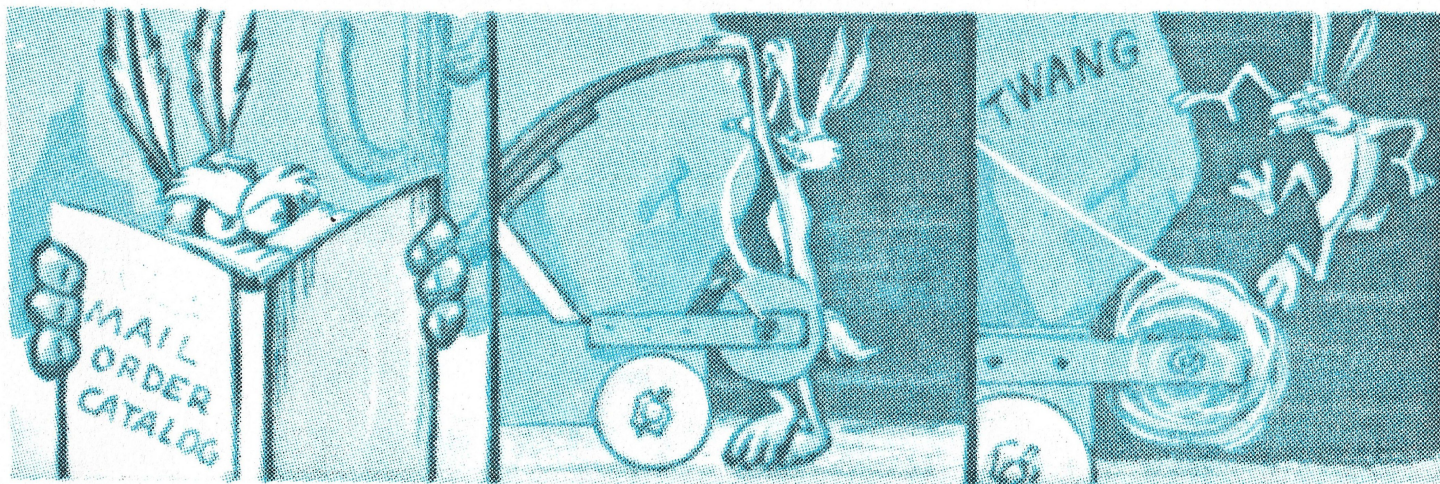
Just when the tip of the skate board touched the other side of the canyon, I strained but un-ungh! . . .

PICTURE 7. . . . MY WIND was gone and I was going—going down. Whi-in-ing! The wind whistled in my ears as they flopped around. Faster and faster I dropped.

Looking up, I saw the canyon walls seem to move together, and looking down, the ground came up to meet me.

Zoo-oo-omph! I hit, and the dust rose like an atomic mushroom. From a coyote-shaped hole, I tried to dodge them, but the skate board hit me between the eyes, and the fan plunged into my midriff. From above Road Runner impishly chirped, “Beep! Beep!”





VIEW-MASTER REEL TWO

CATAPULT CATASTROPHE

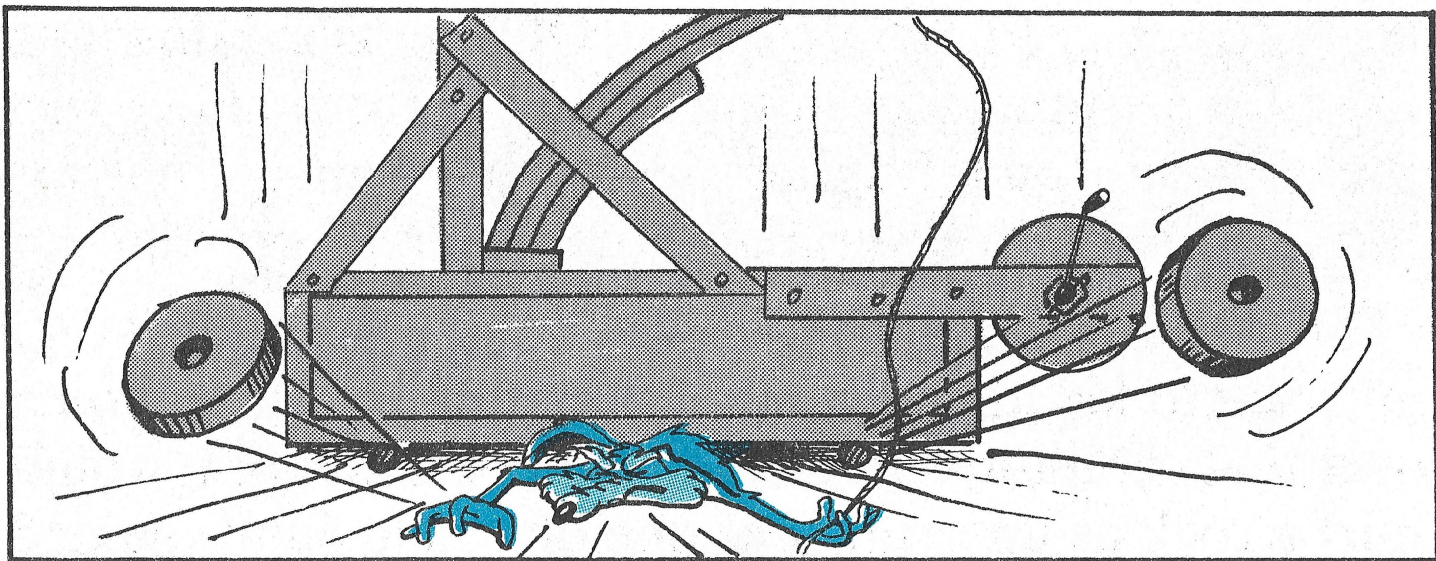
PICTURE 1. AS SOON AS THE PARTS arrived from Acme Mail Order, I assembled the catapult. Beep Beep whizzed past several times, but I ignored his curious sidelong glances.

While I was putting the catapult arm in place it almost stretched me in two, then tossed me so high into the air I met a high-flying eagle eye to eye. The boulder was no sooner in place than Beep Beep was coming. I was in back, winding the windlass and ready to press the release lever when . . .

PICTURE 2. . . . PLUNK! THE ROCK crashed down on top of me. Angrily grinding my teeth from under that rock when Road Runner passed by with a knowing grin, I was more determined than ever to get him.

Slowly I humped my back, and by straining every muscle, rolled the boulder off me. Then after going over that catapult from stem to stern, I was sure it would hurl a rock as unerringly as one of Uncle Sam's guided missiles.

PICTURE 3. JUST TO BE SAFE, though, I stood in *front* of the machine this time. Nobody should sell us coyotes short, I was thinking. After all, wasn't it my great-great grandpappy, Grandy Coyote, who raised Pecos Bill, that fabulous Texas cowhand, and taught him to rope a calf from a half-mile away? Trembling with excitement I could see this boulder just as perfectly aimed as Pecos Bill's lasso. This trembling, though, was probably the reason I accidentally tripped the release. The rock made a weak little arc and came down on my head.



Determined to play it safe the next time, I crawled underneath the catapult. I tugged lightly on the release rope. The wheels wobbled, then all four of them fell off. Smash! Crunch! The catapult plunked down, leveling me out flat.

PICTURE 4. THE MANHOLE across the road looked like foolproof protection, so I crawled under the cover. Some day I had to get under a lucky star. Maybe this was it, I thought, as Beep Beep came down the road, confident, and stepping high like a rooster in deep mud. Very carefully I pulled the trip.

My mouth flew open in surprise as the rock didn't budge, and Road Runner dashed by, sassy as a blue jay.

PICTURE 5. THAT ROCK just sat there! Something had to be done, but I wasn't taking chances on that cantankerous rock again. Never taking my eyes off it, I wiggled toward it on my belly. Anyone with the brains of a jaybird knew that one false move would cause it to fall off or—go sailing into space.

Shaking from head to foot, I picked up a stick and tapped it lightly. Nothing happened. Using a little more force, I poked at the arm again. The rock still stayed put. Standing tense and ready to jump away as quickly as the grocer's cat off the sugar barrel, I started to give it a hard jab when . . .

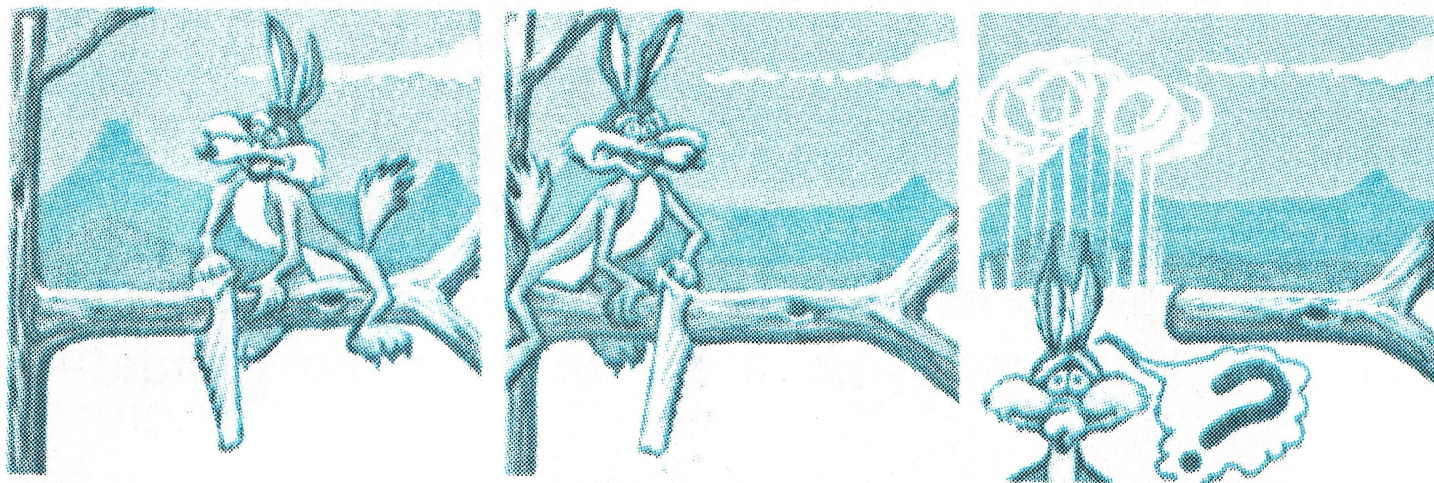
PICTURE 6. “BEEP! BEEP!” Road Runner had slipped up behind me, startling me so that I jumped straight up, landing on the rock. It bounced, then teetered me up and down while I hung on for dear life. Bouncing higher and higher, the rock flew off the arm.

PICTURE 7. WE WERE HURLED into space. Crashing against the overhanging rock, the boulder, with me clinging desperately, cracked a hole, and we shot out over the canyon. Every hair on my pelt stood straight up as we plunged to the bottom. The boulder hit with such terrific force, it bored a hole in the earth and kept on going. There was nothing to do but ride that rock down, down!



Ploo-ooph! We popped out into the light again, shooting past the oddest Road Runner I had ever seen. Carrying a little one in a belly pouch, it took one amazed look and long-leaped away, 30 feet a hop.

Spiralling back through the earth, we came out on the canyon floor in time for the cliff rocks to pile on me.



VIEW-MASTER REEL THREE

TO CATCH A ROAD RUNNER

PICTURE 1. THE PERFECT fork for my sling shot idea was high in the tree. I climbed up and was sawing when my position caught my attention, and I wisely shifted to the other side. Wisely—so I thought. When the saw went through, the limb stayed up, and the tree fell down. Still I managed to get the limb home, and the rubber attached.

When Road Runner pranced down the road like a fat pony in high oats, I got into the rubber and stretched. Cree-ee-eak! Cra-ack!

PICTURE 2. SWISH! The sling shot had broken off and instead of being hurled forward to pounce on Beep Beep, I was going backwards! After hitting me in the stomach, the giant sling scooted over the ground, shuffling weeds and prickly cactus in around me, and whamming me against a tree. I slumped to the ground—out cold.

PICTURE 3. A BEAR TRAP looked easy, and since Beep Beep was always hungry, he should be my meal as soon as he started pecking at the wheat I would pile on the trigger spring.

It was a hot day when the trap arrived from Acme, so hot the old stumps and logs were crawling toward the shade. Heat didn't stop Road Runner, though, so I trotted to the road with the bear trap.

Setting the trap was a problem. I pulled and tugged. Finally, with my feet on one jaw and my hands on the other, I was just about to fasten the catch . . .

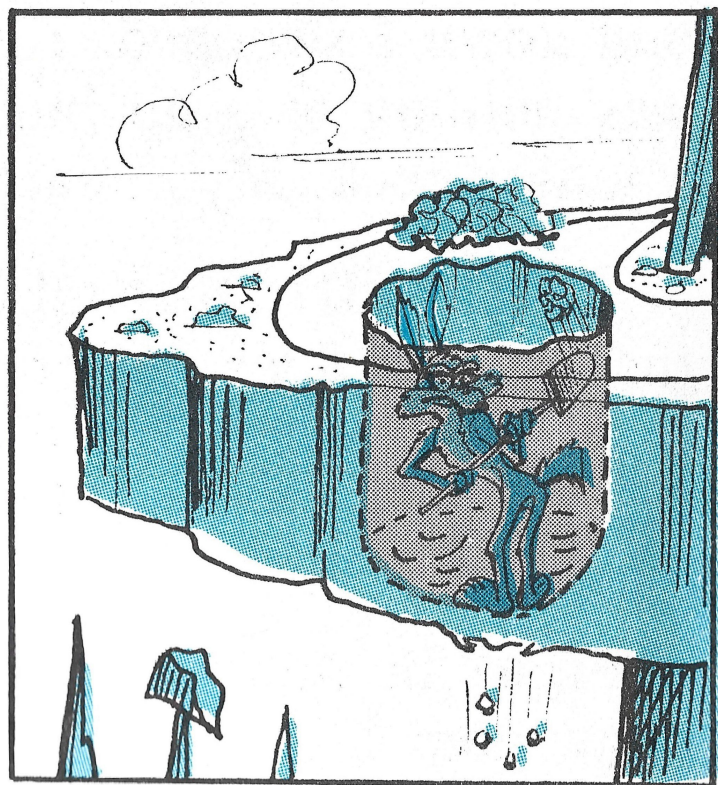
PICTURE 4. . . . WHEN THAT PESKY bird slipped up behind me again. I jumped. My hold loosened and the

jaw of the trap clamped together before I could get out. Road Runner watched, his eyes bugging and as bright as mesquite coals. Then he hoisted his heels to the sky and left me as mad as a hornet in a butterfly net.

PICTURE 5. THE PITFALL has been proven in the African jungles, and it

should work for Road Runner. With his mile-a-minute gait, he seldom looked where he was going. He ran up and down the road for fun. I gathered weeds for a covering and started digging as eagerly as a pig rooting for goobers. I'd dig it deep so Beep Beep couldn't hop out. Soon only my ears were above the ground and I was still digging.

PICTURE 6. THERE IS SUCH A THING as too deep. The dirt beneath me began to move like quicksand,



and down I swooped. I reached frantically, but there was nothing to grab but thin air. I tried to land on a jutting rock. My impact tilted it, knocking it loose.

PICTURE 7. ZIN-IN-ING! I was shooting down to meet the canyon floor. After carving the usual hole just to fit me, I opened my eyes and, as always, saw something falling on me. This time it was the rock I had loosened.

From the things I have told you, little coyotes, you know your task of catching Road Runners isn't easy. Still nobody by the grand, old name of Coyote will ever stop trying.

Scenes created by Lelia Heath

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